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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1907.

Mr. Harriman's Western Observations.

Mr. Harriman's remark that there is
more money in the country than we
realize seems to be justified by the ex-
traordinary demand for New York City
bonds bearing 4-1/2 per cent interest.
An issue of \$40,000,000 has been five times
oversubscribed at a fair premium, and the
bidders expect to reap handsome
profits. The success of the issue is good
evidence that there is more or less idle
capital that has been frightened into
seclusion by distrust of available in-
vestments, the owners of which welcome
an opportunity to buy sound securities.
Mr. Harriman observed in the West a
tendency among those who had money to
hold on to it because of their apprehen-
sions as to what might become of it if
they parted with it. Mr. Harriman ought
to know, if anybody, how well founded
those apprehensions are with respect to
certain classes of securities put forth
in the regions of high finance, but such
apprehensions, of course, were altogether
lacking among the bidders for the New
York bond issue. When all securities
have as solid a foundation as municipal
bonds, doubtless all apprehensions of the
sort observed by Mr. Harriman will dis-
appear.

In spite of the feeling of apprehension
which Mr. Harriman says exists through-
out the Western country, he found no
depression in business, though there is
some restriction of the volume of busi-
ness. Mr. Harriman saw no signs of
panic, but everywhere evidences of the
greatest prosperity. Banks and indi-
viduals have plenty of money, and it will
not be long before they will be seeking
avenues of investment.

How different is all this from the gloomy
predictions that were current about the
time of the imposition of the Standard
oil fine!

Mr. Rockefeller started the calamity
wall with talk about our drift toward
the rocks of financial depression. Con-
fidence was gone, said this prophet, and
with it the whole foundation of our na-
tional prosperity. His sympathies went
out to the widows and orphans in their
approaching hour of tribulation. What
was about to happen Mr. Rockefeller
could hardly venture to say, but it would
be something awful.

Well, Mr. Harriman has been from one
end of the country to the other, and has
found no trace of the terrible conditions
Mr. Rockefeller was sure he described in
the distance. Nothing darkening the
horizon but a little apprehension, which
Mr. Harriman does not expect will have
any serious consequences. It is evident
we have recovered from the fright that
was engineered, to some extent, by Mr.
Rockefeller and others of his way of
thinking. The country is as sound as a
dollar, in spite of apprehensions aroused
by reckless financiering and equally reck-
less denunciation of efforts to correct
corporate abuses, and it will be sounder
than ever when our corporate houseclean-
ing is finished to the satisfaction of hon-
est people.

A Kansas City man has been sent to jail
for hitting an umpire. Reform is going
entirely too far in this country of ours.

The Mastery of the Waves.

Seldom has the civilized world awaited
with such interest the news of the pas-
sage of a ship across the Atlantic as we
wait for word from the new Cunard
liner Lusitania. Although all racing be-
tween passenger ships is frowned upon
and decided, no one doubts that the
Lusitania is racing as fast as she can
with safety to her berth in New York.
It is for that purpose she was built, and
the present anxiety about news from her
is due to the fact that she is fully ex-
pected to break the world's record.

The record was made by a German ship
and was a great triumph for Germany,
which in many ways is the keenest rival
of Great Britain in all industrial mat-
ters. The "wave" was set at naught by a
German ship, built at Stettin, and
named by the Germans. The Lusitania,
therefore, thoroughly British in concep-
tion, building, and manning, carries with
her the hope of the British nation.
The Germans evidently believe that the
laurels they have held in ocean travel
are about to be lost to them, and they
are hardly willing to admit that it is
because of the superior enterprise of
British shipbuilders in daring to experi-
ment in the biggest ship ever launched
with the turbine engine. At a meeting of
the Hamburg-American Company the
other day, Herr Ballin, the president, de-
clared that England had dropped her
principle of fair play and that she had
richly deserved a single ship so that
Germany's defeat might be made possible.
Whether the Lusitania will succeed in

winning the record—the blue ribbon of
the sea—remains to be seen, but so keen
is the rivalry between the maritime na-
tions that even if Great Britain does win
the present race against the record,
it is certain the wonderful development
and improvement in shipbuilding will
not be allowed to stop there.

Why should Col. John Temple Graves
grow pessimistic? There are yet some
three or four prominent Americans he has
not nominated for the Presidency.

Farewell to the Milkmaid.

One by one the roses drop and die,
and one by one the more cherished of our
institutions give way to the pressure of
modern commercialism. To-day sees this
new invention and that; to-morrow will
see even more wonderful things than to-
day.

We do confess, however, that we regret
to see that time honored, poetically ideal-
ized, and sentimentally embalmed indi-
vidual, the milkmaid, abolished and set at
naught forevermore. And yet that is just
what has happened. Some enterprising
gentleman has invented an instrument that
is a combination of rubber tubes,
aseptic buckets, and glass graduates
which milks the cow by means of an
electric current and quite independent
of any individual. All you have to do is
to place the thing where it belongs, press
the button, and it does the rest so quickly
and so satisfactorily that users are won-
dering how they ever got along without
it all these years.

That is all very well if it didn't deprive
us of our friend, the milkmaid. One
of the first songs we learn in childhood
is "Where Are You Going, My Pretty
Maid?" That song forms part of the
foundation upon which hundreds of the
day dreams of youth are built. The
milkmaid, whose face was her fortune, is
one of our juvenile acquaintances whose
image never quite fades from our heart.
And now she must go. We cannot teach
our children the song and ever hope to
illustrate it in real life again. Fans, rub-
ber tubes, aseptic buckets and the like
are poor substitutes for this maid of
whom we heard so much and thought so
well in the long ago.

But there is no use setting your face
against the tide. The end of the milk-
maid's glorious and honorable reign is at
hand. Henceforth she is to be but a
memory and a song.

"What is a criminal?" asks the Roches-
ter Herald. A lawbreaker who is unable
to hire a lawyer with an inexhaustible
supply of technicalities.

Peace in Central America.

At last responses have been received
from all five of the Central American
republics. All of them have fallen in
with the suggestion of President Roose-
velt, have expressed their desire to
meet his wishes, so that there will prob-
ably be a conference held before long
in the City of Mexico.

It has been suggested more than once
that it would be a fine thing for the fu-
ture of Central America if the five re-
publics could be united in one govern-
ment. If such a plan is feasible at all,
it is doubtful whether it can be carried out
for a number of years to come. There
is such a diversity of population, such a
number of conflicting interests to be
reconciled. The total population of such
a union of Central American States
would be something like \$500,000, but this
would include a great number of Indians
quite unfitted to take any share in gov-
ernmental affairs.

Just now, too, there is intense jeal-
ousy between certain of the Central
American States, and too long has it
seemed to the politicians down there
that the best way to settle differences is
to fight them out, so that in case of
federation there would, under present cir-
cumstances, be grave dangers of seces-
sion and civil war, to take the place of
the revolutions which are the habit now.

At the present time there are matters
of dispute between the republics of Sal-
vador, Nicaragua, and Guatemala, and it
is part of the plan of the proposed con-
ference to adjust these amicably; and it
is to be hoped that some plan of arbitra-
tion will be agreed upon which shall
render all five republics more inclined to
permanent peace, so that the energies
which have been directed to fanning war
be turned into the channels of much-
needed industry.

"I approve of Roosevelt," says Senator
Depew. Even the wonderful "Roosevelt
luck" fails the President occasionally.

Pennsylvania's Rate Act Void.

The first judicial decision against
2-cent fare legislation, just recorded in the
Common Pleas Court of the County of
Philadelphia, contains several points of
interest and significance. At its last ses-
sion the Pennsylvania legislature, in re-
sponse to supposed popular demand, arbi-
trarily reduced the rates of passenger
fare on intrastate railroads to 2 cents
a mile. The Pennsylvania Railroad oper-
ates in that State under a charter granted
by an old constitution, by the terms of
which the railroad may fix rates of trans-
portation not to exceed 3 1/2 cents a mile.
The legislature has authority, however, to
alter or annul any charter injurious to
the Commonwealth, provided no injustice
be done the incorporators, and it was con-
tended that the reduction of the fares was
a legitimate exercise of this authority.

The court holds, as a feature of the
case, that the Pennsylvania's charter is in
the nature of a contract, which cannot be
impaired by State action without violat-
ing the Federal Constitution, and that the
legislature's attempt to annul the charter
right of a railroad company to estab-
lish its rates is a violation of the provi-
sion of the State constitution that no in-
justice shall be done the incorporators,
inasmuch as the court adjudged the rate
fixed by the State unreasonable and con-
fiscatory. Furthermore, the court holds
that the Pennsylvania's charter precludes
the State from interfering with the rates
of fare deemed reasonable by the com-
pany, provided they do not exceed 3 1/2
cents a mile.

So far the opinion of the court is of lo-
cal application only. Of wider interest is
the court's consideration of the question
whether 2 cents a mile is a reasonable
rate, as far as the Pennsylvania lines
are concerned. In determining this ques-
tion, the court lays down the broad prin-
ciple that public service corporations in
Pennsylvania are entitled to look for a
rate of return, if their property will earn
it, of not less than the legal rate of in-
terest, which is 6 per cent. Analyzing the
figures presented, the court shows the railroad's
earnings from intrastate passenger traffic,
and the court concludes that the company's
probable passenger business for 1907
would yield a return of 5.1 per cent on
the actual investment on the basis of the
existing rates of fare. The court therefore
holds that the present rates are not un-
reasonable, since they do not yield legal
interest on the investment. As the 2-cent
rate would probably reduce the return
of the company to less than 2 per cent
on its investment, in the opinion of the
court, "and since a return so small is
not fair remuneration for the use and

risk of its property, the regulation at-
tempted by the legislature must be ad-
judged to be unreasonable.

In a word, a 6 per cent dividend on rail-
way shares is constitutional in Pennsylv-
ania, and any regulation of railway rates
that reduces the dividend, so long as it is
not more than 6 per cent, is null and
void, because it deprives the stockhold-
ers of their property without due process
of law. Application of this principle to
rate cases pending in the Federal courts
would sound the knell of every 2-cent
fare law in the country.

Hon. "Gas" Addicks has declared in
favor of the Cortelyou boom. Doubtless
this will entirely asphyxiate him.

The Gypsy's Warning.

If the chief of the gypsy tribe in Amer-
ica is to have his way, there will be no
more fortune-telling by gypsies in Amer-
ica. Chief Teitchele Demitro, who is at
present camped near Boston, has issued
a national order prohibiting the custom.
His reason for it is that fortune-telling
has been used by some of the women of
the tribe as a cloak to cover petty thiev-
ing. Nominally making their living by
selling baskets and trinkets, their chief
revenue has been derived from having
their "hands crossed with silver" while
they peered into the future, and, inci-
dentally, into the pockets of their patrons.
It is a curious trait of American char-
acter which has made fortune-telling in
this country the profitable business that
it is. Just let a woman be ugly and
haggard, ragged and mysterious,
and there are never wanting credulous
people who will pay the fee to learn their
fate. Education has nothing to do with
the matter, for the college professor seems
as susceptible as the shop girl, and the
very face of it is plain that if these poor
gypsies had any such power as they claim
they would not be wandering itinerant
leeches, with every man's hand against
them.

The gypsies have always had a bad
name—as most wanderers have; whether
because of their careless renunciation of
the ordinary obligations of life, their
strange tongue, or their unkempt ap-
pearance would be hard to say. But as the
world progresses, so it would seem the
gypsies are progressing and are desirous
of being known as something else than
charlatans, working on the credulity of
the public, or horse stealers. They have
always been objects of suspicion to the
police, and never a nurse maid has seen
a caravan of the wandering people but
she has had a wary eye on her charges,
owing to some strange belief that gypsies
are always on the lookout for a chance
to steal well-dressed children. But if
it would seem that reform in gypsy meth-
ods is coming from the inside. A gypsy
not allowed to tell fortunes loses half her
mysterious attributes, and it may very
well be that this wave of reform among
the wanderers is the first step toward
the time when they shall cease to be
outcasts and shall become useful
and decent citizens.

The Nashville American is handing
forth long editorials about corn-dodgers,
spare-ribs, backbone, and crackling-
bread. We believe that is just natural
meanness in the American make.

A Michigan man says a wife should
get one-half of her husband's salary. A
number of married men would be glad to
compromise with her on that amount.

The life of a mosquito is only three
days; which perhaps is why he hustles so.

On the whole, we hardly think Esopus
stands much of a show to get back on the
map soon.

Capt. Mahan's new book on the science of
war got out just in time to catch the
eye following the peace conference at The
Hague.

A Pittsburg man caused the arrest of a
child two years of age for tearing up
his lawn. It is an easy guess that he
is one of those square-faced men who do
not believe in Santa Claus.

There may be, as Mr. Taft says, too
many millionaires in this country, but
precisely as few of the inhabitants are so
patriotic that they wouldn't be willing to
swell the list a little.

If Mayor Tom Johnson is defeated, he
can at least claim that it took the entire
fire department to do it.

Capt. Hobson keeps himself mobilized
for every emergency.

The Georgia legislature put itself to
considerable unnecessary trouble passing
an anti-Sunday fishing law. Who wants
to go fishing in Georgia now?

The style in women's hats has not
changed in Japan for over 2,500 years.
However, it is not to be doubted that
the women over there object as cordially
as they do over here to wearing the
present season's head dress.

Banker Stensland begs for a pardon,
pleading that he can and will pay his
debts within three years. Under the cir-
cumstances, it would appear the better
part of valor to keep him locked up.

"If Mr. Roosevelt ever becomes an
editor, heaven help the staff," says the
Baltimore Sun. Why? The staff will
have nothing to do but look pleasant and
brag on the paper's circulation.

So the good citizens of Vancouver have
been indulging in a little mobocracy. Af-
ter all, the color line is a long one and
stretches to distant points.

Quite a good deal of excitement was
created recently by a report that G. Ber-
nard Shaw was lost. And yet we might
have known that no one could lose him.

"There will be no panic," says Mr.
Harriman. This is probably the last pre-
dict to hear from, and it makes the
opinion unanimous.

It beats the world the way they go af-
ter our money these days. Already they
are talking of a turkey famine in No-
vember, and consequent higher price for
the toothsome fowls.

"Man," according to Adam Smith, "is
the only animal that makes bargains.
You never saw dogs swapping bones."
No; but we have seen one dog steal a
bone from another—and that is some-
thing like man.

Since Mr. Jimmie Britt has broken his
arm, we presume he will devote the re-
mainder of his days strictly to elevating
the stage.

Abdul Hamid has seventy-one titles, but
the number isn't a marker to the collection
of ultimatums he has acquired during
his lifetime.

Delaware proposes to tax tombstones.
Surely, we should be permitted to escape
the tax collector after we are dead and
gone.

There are 81,000 people in jail in this
country, according to one of those fellows
who churn out such things. And still
all those that ought to be are not in
yet.

Mr. John Brisen Walker says that Mr.
Roosevelt is brisken for war with
Japan, that Mr. Cortelyou is his real car-
didate, and that he is a friend of the
trusts. A good many apooks to see in one
night.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

IGNORING A BELLE.

She went away
In later May.
She was, I thought, so fair.
I liked her chin,
Her pretty skin,
Her lovely golden hair.

To-day I saw
A girl with raw
And feathered wings;
And half the hue
Of mud, which flew
About in wispy strings.

I failed to howl
And, therefore, now
I'm covered o'er with shame.
For now I see,
Ah, woe is me,
These maidens were the same!

Not Their Man.

"Now, we wait nothing impolite," ex-
plained the examining committee. "No
harsh asperities at any time, you under-
stand."

"I am a preacher," responded the ap-
plicant, "and I am looking for work with
some church. You seem to be running an
advanced vaudeville house."

Poor Democracy!

"State in your own words, Bobby, what
Jack Horner said when he drew out the
plum."

"He said as how it pays to be a Re-
publican."

Often Happens.

In town her curves were fine, indeed;
We all admitted that.
But on the beach we noticed she'd
A different anat.

Getting It Straight.

"Do you want a really patriotic talk?"
Inquired the militant Senator.

"Of course," answered the Chautauque
manager. "But let me understand you,
please. Does that mean that you propose
to defend or abuse the trusts?"

He Lost Out.

"What has become of that fellow who
foretold the Pelee disaster?"

"He couldn't let well enough alone.
Got to making rain predictions. You
know the rest."

There Are Other Things.

"Back in 1885 I was in Chicago," an-
nounced the man with the red nose,
"and at that time I could have bought
the present site of the Brokers and
Stokers Bank for four clam shells and a
jug of rum."

"And why didn't you?"
"I didn't have the rum for one thing;
and if I had, I dunno as I would have
traded. A man ought not to think of
rum but money in this life."

PLAIN DEALS.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Arise, ye winds and laugh! ho! ho!
Where ye waters roll!
Blow high, blow low, blow fast, blow
slow,
And wait our Wellman to the pole.

In California.

The Easterner—Look! There is a Japa-
nese spy hanging around your back yard!

The Native—Japanese spy! Why, that's
my cook and table waiter.

An Unfortunate Interruption.

"George was just going to propose to
me last night."

"And what happened?"

"A fire blew up and then he couldn't
think of anything else."

The New Society Ailment.

"That man Briscoe is the most un-
lucky chap I ever knew. He's been in the
doghouse a number of times. He must
have had pretty nearly everything that is
in the books."

"What he got now?"
"I understand he's threatened with an
affinity."

A Discouraged Digger.

"I see they say that when a diamond
passes a certain size it is worth no more
than a smaller one."

"How's that?"
"It's too large it isn't marketable.
Nobody wants to wear a diamond as
bulky as a glass door knob."

"Then it must be awfully
discouraging for a man to dig up a
sparkler as big as a football."

Too Much of a Shock.

"Jane's engagement is broken."

"Jane didn't break it, did she?"

"No, he broke it."

"What was the trouble?"

"Why, Jane was silly enough to let him
see her when she had the mumps."

THE SIN OF THE STREETS.

Young Criminals in the Making and
the Court Where They Are Tried.

A day spent in New York's child-
ren's court will never be forgotten.
Here all the youthful offenders are tried.
Into this court crowds more of human
wickedness than in any other court in the
world, save the September Delinctor.

Before its bar is constantly passing a
great procession of human incongruities,
scenes vibrant with pathos and humor.
For both pathos and humor consists in
the perception of incongruities. It is the
sins of the parents and the sins of the
children that the overworked judge
must deal with. The real culprit is
more often the delinquent parent than the
delinquent child. The sight of a child
travelling to a saloon two or three times
daily, pall in hand, to procure the fam-
ily supply of beer—a familiar one in a
great city—impinges the parent for a
criminal indifference. Shall wonder that
the child's moral perceptions are obliterated
and his instincts perverted in such
surroundings? It is in the streets, the
vice-sown streets, that the child learns to
swear, to steal, to lie. He cannot
help it. He must employ the ways of his
companions if he is to survive among
them. And the ways of his companions
lead oftentimes to the children's court.

Hoodoo Trolley Car.
From the Boston Transcript.

It is not 23, but 23, that is Pittsfield's
hoodoo. That is the number of the car
that wrecked President Roosevelt's car-
riage and killed one of his attendants.

A short time ago its motorman was se-
verely burned by a short-circuiting of
the controller box, and yesterday the
conductor was put out of business by a
head-on collision with another car.

Rather a Premature Question.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

If Congress legislates prohibition into
the District of Columbia, who will get
the franchise for a pipe line from the
Maryland distilleries to the committee
rooms under the Capitol?

An Exciting Possibility.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Wouldn't it be exciting to have the gov-
ernor and lieutenant governor of New
York running against each other for the
Presidency?

No More Rough Riders.
From the Charleston News and Courier.

Were Henry Watterson President, the
thoroughbred would supplant the broncho
as the horse of the administration.

MEN AND THINGS.

A Friend of Lincoln.

At his eightieth birthday celebration, a
few days ago, Ira T. Haworth, of 128
North Tenth street, West Side, Chicago,
received the congratulations and good
wishes of many of his friends. Mr. Haw-
orth, who was a friend of President
Lincoln, possesses a cane and gavel given
to him by Abraham Lincoln in 1860. These
were made from the wood of a black wal-
nut tree which was cut down by Lincoln
himself. The cane was whittled by Lin-
coln and bears around the handle a band
of German silver bearing the inscrip-
tion: "To Ira Haworth from Abra-
ham Lincoln, 1860." "Yes, Abe gave them
to me," said Mr. Haworth to his friends.
"When I was chairman of the township
committee in his home county and took
them in the campaign of 1860. When he
gave them to me he said: 'This gavel is
to keep order. The cane is to use when
you get old. I know you will live to be
old, because the good die young.'"

Keep Off the Grass.

Mr. George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of
the Treasury, has been ordered to get
off the grass at East Neck, L. I., where he
spends his summers, says the New York
World. The grass belongs to Mrs. Je-
vons, of New York, who has been long
a summer resident of the Bay Crest sec-
tion. Mr. Cortelyou was inspecting some
property adjoining that owned by Mr.
Jevons, and the latter, with a view of a
purchase, in leaving her "cut corners" on
the much-barbered lawn. Hardly had his
foot fallen on the choice grass than a
voice high pitched with indignation or-
dered him off. Mr. Cortelyou blushed,
stammered, raised his hat, and apolo-
gized. Dr. Pierson, a Brooklyn physician,
witnessed the scene, and he ran to Mr.
Jevons. "Madame," he cried, "do you
know who that is? It is Mr. Cortelyou,
the Secretary of the Treasury." Mrs. Je-
vons said that if Mr. Cortelyou would
come back he might get up a tennis net
on her beloved sward.

Historic Hotel to Be Razed.

Although the history of the Fifth Ave-
nue Hotel embraces a period of but fifty
years, yet this familiar structure in New
York City, which is to close its doors on
the last day of next May, to make way for
modern office building, which is to be
reared on its site, has sheltered during
its existence every President of our coun-
try, as well as all the surviving ex-Pres-
idents, of whom at its opening there were
four living. The Missouri Compromise
bill was written under the roof of this
hotel. Lincoln drafted his proclamation
of emancipation in one of its bedrooms.
Grant signed the freedmen's bureau bill
there. Burlingame and Lord Elgin drew
up the treaty dealing with the North-
west in one of its parlors. It would in-
deed be a long list that mentioned
the names of the statesmen who were per-
formed in this building, and a longer one
that recited the social functions held
within its doors, the politics that were
planned there. And yet it soon will be
no more. The Fifth Avenue Hotel surely
is nearer to being the nation's Capitol
than any other outside of Washington.

Sailors' Snug Harbor.

The Rev. Dr. Charles J. Jones, who
died this week in Philadelphia, was for
thirty years chaplain emeritus of Sailors'
Snug Harbor, New Brighton, Staten
Island, retiring from that position in 1889.
Well remembered by the men and women
of the city, Dr. Jones' life reads like a ro-
mance. He was born in Kent, England,
in 1818, and while in his teens he
ran away to sea and followed the life of
a foremast hand for ten or twelve years.
He treasured the Bible which was given
him by his father long before, and the
reading of the Scriptures awakened in
him a realization of the careless life that
he and his shipmates and most sailors
were living. This determined him to de-
vote his life to ministering to the needs
of seafaring men. He came to this coun-
try in 18